

**Velvet First Made in China.**  
VELVET was developed and originated from fur in China. Thence velvet-making was introduced into India, where it was greatly improved, and in the fourteenth century into Italy, where that sort of fabric especially appealed and where the art of velvet-making reached its height.

## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

### SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukovina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

Count to tell of his estate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the castle wall like a lizard. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains an idea of the strange character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in fury. Recognizing his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed. Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are told in a series of letters which throw new light on the Count's weird personality.

**PART ONE—(Continued)**  
“H” has his mahams to play with, and to bring them back to happiness and to those that love them. It is much to do, and, oh, but there are rewards in that we can bestow such happiness. But the young ladies! He has not wife nor daughter, and the young do not tell themselves to the young, but to the old, like me, who have known so many sorrows and the causes of them.

“So my dear, we will send him away to smoke the cigarette in the garden, while you and I have little talk all to ourselves. I took the hint, and strolled about, and presently the professor came to the window and called me in. He looked grave, but said: ‘I have made careful examination, but there is no functional cause. With you I agree that there has been much blood lost; it has been, but is not.’

#### DOCTOR ORDERS VIGILANCE TOWARD HIS PATIENT.

“But the conditions of her are in no way enigmatic. I have asked her to send me her maid, that I may ask just one or two questions, that so I may not chance to miss nothing. I know well what she will say. And yet there is cause; there is always cause for everything. I must go back and think. You must send me the telegram every day, and if there be cause I shall come again. The disease—for not to be all well is a disease—interest me, and the sweet young dear, she interest me, too. She charms me, and for her, if not for you or disease, I come!”

“As I tell you, he would not say a word more, even when we were alone. And so now, Art, you know all I know. I shall keep stern watch. I trust your poor father is rallying. I must be a terrible thing to you, my dear fellow, to be placed in such a position between two people who are both so dear to you. I know your idea of duty to your father, and you are right to stick to it; but, if need be, I shall send you word to come at once to Lucy; so do not be over-anxious unless you hear from me.”

**Dr. Seward's Diary.**  
A Septuagenarian patient still keeps up our interest in him. He had only one outburst and that was yesterday at an unusual time. Just before the stroke of noon he began

to grow restless. The attendant knew the symptoms, and at once summoned aid. Fortunately the men came at a run, and were just in time, for at the stroke of noon he became so violent that it took all their strength to hold him. In about five minutes, however, he began to get more and more quiet, and finally sank into a sort of melancholy, in which state he has remained up to now.

The attendant tells me that his screams whilst in the paroxysm were really appalling; I found my hands full when I got in, attending to some of the other patients who were frightened by him. Indeed, I can quite understand the effect, for the sounds disturbed even me, though I was some distance away.

It is now after the dinner hour of the asylum, and as yet my patient sits in a corner brooding, with a dull, sullen, vengeful look in his face, which seems rather to indicate than to show something directly. I cannot quite understand it.

#### QUEER PATIENT AGAIN RESORTS TO FLY-EATING.

Later—Another change in my patient. At 5 o'clock I looked in on him, and found him seemingly as happy and contented as he used to be. He was catching flies and eating them, and was keeping note of his capture by making nail-marks on the edge of the door between the ridges of padding. When he saw me, he came over and apologized for his bad conduct, and asked me in a very humble, cringing way to be led back to his own room and to have his notebook again. I thought it well to humor him; so he is back in his room, with the window open.

He has the sugar of his tea spread out on the window sill, and is resolutely eating a harvest of flies. He is not now eating them, but putting them into a box, as of old, and is already examining the corners of his room to find a spider. I tried to get him to talk about the past ten days, for any clue to his thoughts would be of immense help to me; but he would not rise. For a moment or two he looked very sad, and said in a sort of far-away voice, as though saying it rather to himself than to me:

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

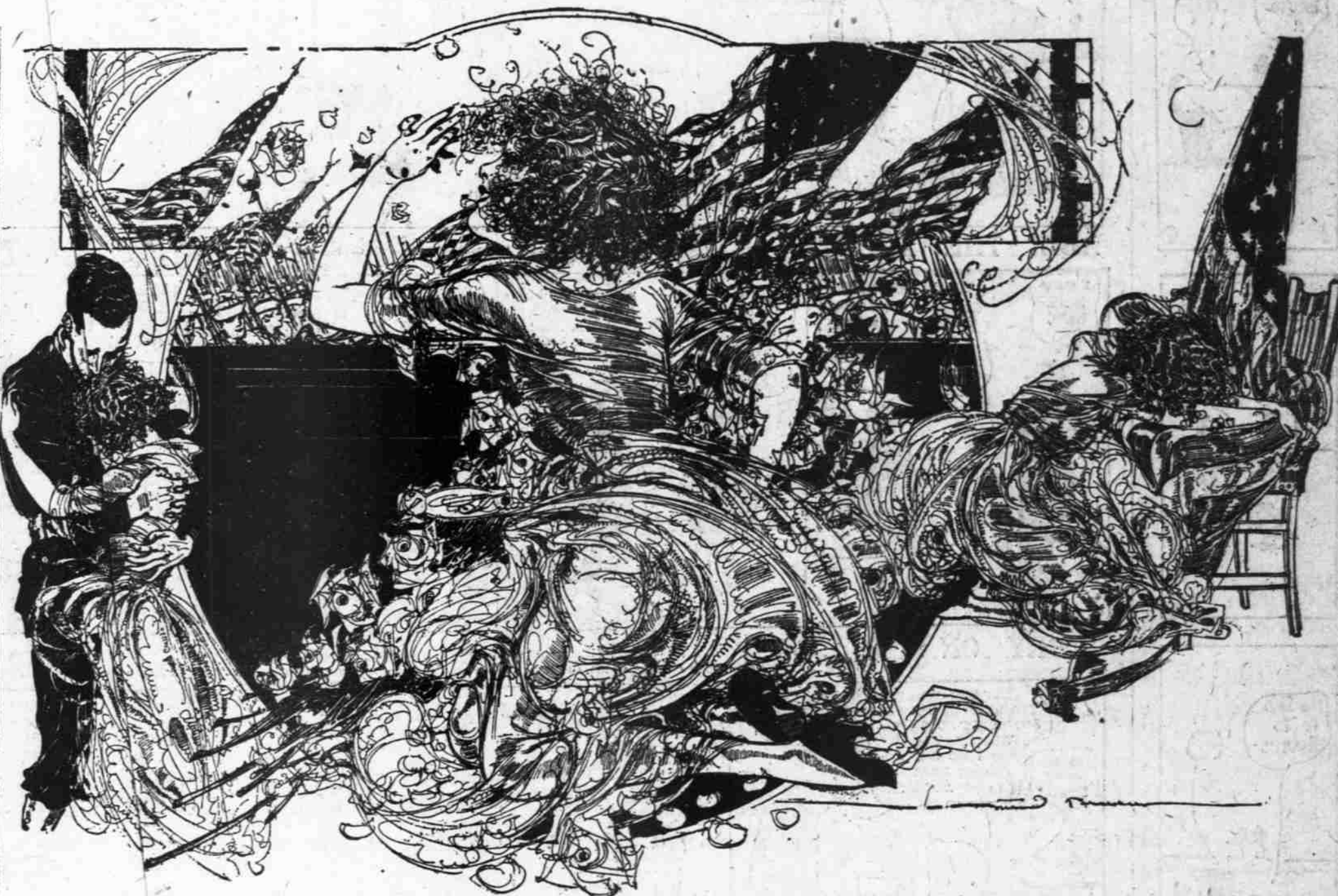
bu Will Find “The Vampire” a Grippina Serial—Don't Miss It

# Magazine Parade

“Send Me Away with a Smile”

THE BRAVEST FACE IS THE SWEETEST NOW!

By NELL BRINKLEY



## The Manicure Lady

By William F. Rrk.

“I AM knitting one of the well-known hats for my country,” George said to the Manicure Lady. “I hope none of the tango boys come in this forenoon to have their nails done. This is more important work, being that they will perhaps be worn by one of our nation's defenders.”

“I guess if you was a soldier you would be looking for nothing else but a fort,” said the Manicure Lady, coldly. “It's a good thing for our nation, George, that there is a lot of young girls who look at life different than you. I'll bet the only fear you've got about this war is that their loveliness will come over here and blow up the race tracks.”

“You've got me wrong, kid,” said the Head Barber. “I have already said a big word for my country. I sent my wife's two brothers to the front, and if every married man would do that much it would be grand.”

“Your wife's two brothers had to have the steam in them, or you couldn't have sent them,” said the Manicure Lady. “If your wife had had ten brothers, all of your hunkles, they couldn't have sent you.”

“I ain't denying nothing,” admitted the Head Barber. “I never passed for no scrapper in times of peace, and I'm too old to begin now. But if it gets to the point where they want old-timers, I'll take care to draft them, you'll find me trailing along with the rest of the bunch.”

“As I have often told you before, George,” said the Manicure Lady, “I'm likely to be pulling out most any day. I'm going to get a new friend that's going, and she's been after me pretty hard. I ought to make a pretty good nurse at that. Many a time I've taken care of father or brother Wilfred after they have went to them Harlem beatables.”

Send me away with a smile, Little Girl,  
Brush the tears from eyes of brown;  
It's all for the best, and I'm off with the rest.  
Of the boys from my own home town;  
It may be forever we part, Little Girl,  
And it may be for only a while;  
But if fight, dear, we must, in our Maker we trust,  
So send me away with a smile!

OUR streets are gay with the colors of flag and uniform, the soft dusty brown of khaki, brightened with the cord of scarlet and blue on the hat that has smitten the French with amazement, the blinding white, and the blue and silver of the soldier of the sea—our streets are gay, and there are tears in our hearts! But if you have one soldier or sailor boy who is “going soon,” you

will know that there is a mysterious kink in boy-nature that likes to know that the tears are in your heart, but doesn't want them to rise and sparkle where he can see!

Soldier-kind demands the smile on your lips and eyes for his last glimpse of your face. Hide your face when the pain in your heart distorts it, and when he is gone you may weep if you like in the folds of the flag you serve. But the bravest face is the sweetest now! And a smile is worth more on the face of a woman with some one at the front than ever it could be in times of peace. More worthy of song and story. “Let me know,” sings boy soldier and sailor, “that in your heart there is love for me; let me guess that there are tears; and let me take with me your gladness and your smile, to hearten my knighthood, that I may believe in the beauty and bravery of women!”

Soldiers and sailors, and the eager stay-at-homes who watch them swinging by, are singing under their breath, “Oh, send me away with a smile, Little Girl!”—NELL BRINKLEY.

## The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF THRILLS AND ADVENTURE

(Revealed from the photo-play “The Fatal Ring.”)

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 16.

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HERE, two paths confronted them—neither wide enough to be considered a regular road. Should they go to the right or to the left? That was the question for Carlsake to decide. Which road would take them most swiftly to cover? Down which were pursuers most likely to come?

He was handicapped by a lack of knowledge regarding the portion of the country, nor could his men aid him in making the decision.

He was ingenious enough, however, to find a way out of nearly every difficulty. Giving his orders swiftly, he led his little force down the right-hand path, pressing his heels very deeply into the soft earth and urging the others to do likewise. He counted upon these tracks to mislead his pursuers, for when he had gone about twenty yards he walked more lightly and presently headed through the woods at right angles, toward the other path.

Along the left-hand path they then proceeded as rapidly as was possible, considering their burden. Pearl—gagged and bound—could make no outcry—could offer no protest. Willy-nilly, she was forced to accompany them, helpless as a sack of meal.

But she could pray. And she prayed earnestly for Tom to come swiftly and find her—to rescue her once again from the hands of her fiendish enemy.

In every difficulty, until then, he had turned up miraculously in the nick of time. There had been something almost awe-inspiring in it. It was as though some intangible bond connected them, drawing him to her unfaithfully each time she was in danger and needed him. She prayed that once again he might feel the call. Meanwhile, Carlsake and his men proceeded swiftly on their way. The woods closed them in.

almost completely, and all signs of human habitation were left behind. They might have been in Central Africa, for all the civilization in sight.

Carlsake had been growing gloomier and gloomier as he found himself in the midst of the underbrush, and he was on the point of calling a halt when they came to a clearing and beheld—just ahead—a vast stretch of soggy sand.

“Quicksand!” he called. He carefully shut one of his eyes, looking back fearfully, from the very brink.

#### Into the Quicksand.

Carlsake's face brightened. A gleam kindled in his evil-looking eyes. His lips parted in a smile.

“Quicksand!” he repeated as though the word was sweet upon his lips. “Ah!—The lady has come to the end of her journey at last!”

His men glanced from him to the helpless girl they carried and from her to that stretch of oily sand. So harmless, it seemed, so moist and fresh and innocent. But underneath—

They shuddered as they pictured the sucking, wriggling, bubbling morass—lying like some hideous trap—in wait for living things to feed on.

Pearl guessed Carlsake's intent and began to struggle again—in terror for her life. But to struggle was futile. She could do nothing in her helpless state.

“When I count three, swing her far out—as far as you can swing her—and let her go!” said Carlsake grimly. His men nodded their assent. They were blood-clotted devils, all of them—worthy disciples of the master they followed.

“I have often told you before, George,” said the Manicure Lady, “I'm likely to be pulling out most any day. I'm going to get a new friend that's going, and she's been after me pretty hard. I ought to make a pretty good nurse at that. Many a time I've taken care of father or brother Wilfred after they have went to them Harlem beatables.”

## If We Lived on Mars

WHAT reasons are there for supposing that you would find inhabitants on Mars bearing any resemblance to the inhabitants of the earth? The principal reasons are these:

(1) Mars has days and nights of almost equal length to those of our planet. The difference is only a matter of minutes. Consequently the effects that are produced upon the vital energies of a being having a general resemblance in physical constitution to a man, by the alternation of daylight and darkness (or of a period of activity followed, in an average space of about twelve hours, by a period of repose), would probably be the same upon Mars as upon the earth.

#### Seasons Like Ours.

(2) The seasons of Mars, although they are each considerably longer than those of the earth, succeed one another in the same order, and the relative changes in the intensity of light, heat, etc., produced by the succession of seasons is the same as upon the earth. Each hemisphere of Mars, in turn, has winter and summer, spring and autumn, and the difference of climate between winter and summer is the same there, broadly speaking, as it is here. From this it follows again, that whatever effect upon the vital energies of the inhabitants of the earth is produced by the alternation of winter's cold and summer's heat, virtually the same effect must be experienced on Mars.

(3) Mars has an atmosphere which, though much rarer than that of the earth, evidently resembles it in constitution since it contains water vapor which visibly condenses into snow during the cold seasons, and, by absorbing solar heat, turns back again into liquid water and vapor in the warm seasons.

(4) Observations of the surface of Mars, at different seasons of its year, show that physical changes take place there, in the same order as those which occur under identical circumstances on our planet. Appearances resembling clouds are seen time to time visible with tele-

## Reasons for Believing That Planet Inhabited

scopes in Mars's atmosphere. Decided and very definite changes of color appear upon its surface, more or less closely resembling those which we would expect to see upon the surface of the earth, if we could look at it from a distance of millions of miles, while Winter and Summer chased one another over it.

#### Rare Atmosphere.

On the other hand, the lightness, or rarity, of Mars's atmosphere would seem to be an obstacle to its being inhabited by man-like creatures, as would be also the relatively low temperature resulting from its greater distance from the sun. But, as I have shown in a former article, there are known ingredients of an atmosphere, such as carbonic oxide, which would act the part of a blanket to keep the planet warm.

#### Surface Changes.

In short there is not the least doubt that the whole surface of Mars resembles that of a planet like the earth, and we certainly can plainly see permanent divisions and features on that surface, things which we cannot perceive with any other planet, except the moon (which is

not a true planet), while in striking distinction from the moon the features of Mars show changes of detail which can hardly be explained in any other way than by the assumption that they are the effect of seasonal, and perhaps, in some instances, of geological causes.

## Do You Know That—

An examination of the November trade returns of the South African Union reveals the fact that in the preceding eleven months the value of the importations increased by \$50,000,000, and the value of exports—excluding gold—by over \$25,000,000 more than the values for the corresponding period of 1915.

To stop leakage through concrete, such as tunnel walls, clean the walls thoroughly and pain with a solution consisting of eight and three-quarter pounds of zinc sulphate dissolved in a gallon of water. The zinc sulphate will act on the lime in the cement, forming insoluble calcium sulphate and zinc hydroxide, which fill up the pores in the concrete.

The commission that investigated conditions in Iceland last Summer calculated that yield from deposits of coal would total 150,000,000 tons. The quality is said to be equal to Scotch coal, suitable for household use and generation of power.

In order to keep paint from peeling off sills, clean the surface with a strong soda-lye, wash clean, and apply with a woollen cloth a solution of hydrochloric acid and water in equal parts for a few minutes, then rinse with water and dry.

About 51 per cent of the salt produced in Russia is from lakes, 22 per cent being obtained by evaporating brine pumped up from boreholes, and 26 per cent by mining beds of rock salt.

Acetol, a liquid applied by injection through the spark plug opening, is being used for quickly removing carbon from the cylinders of gasoline engines.

In cases of typhoid fever the banana is recommended as a valuable food.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Birthday Gift.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl fifteen years of age and I know a very dear and good friend of twenty-five. Recently I have been accepting presents from him, such as books by good authors, or some useful school present, with the knowledge and consent of my parents. I have known this man for four years and he is a student of Columbia. Now, Miss Fairfax, I wish to know this: Is it proper for me to give him a present for his birthday? ANXIOUS.

If you can sew or knit it would be very nice for you to give this man a bit of your own handiwork. You might even monogram one or two handkerchiefs for him. In any event, give him just a little remembrance to show that his young friend appreciates all his kindness to her. Your own photograph in a pretty frame, or even a birthday cake which you and your mother had made, would be in good taste. Get a little personal touch into your gift. Make it something that will show how his little schoolgirl friend appreciates this man's thoughtfulness.

#### Entirely Correct.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am puzzled as to what to do about my bridesmaids. I have chosen the six chums, but before asking them I must have this information: I want the first two in the bridal march dressed in the same color, and alike; the next two in a different color and alike, and the same with the last two. What puzzles me is, do I have to buy them their dresses or how am I to go about it? The same is in question about my maid of honor and also the little flower girl. My father wishes me to have a large wedding, but I am puzzled at this so I will wait for your answer before asking those whom I choose. MARION L.

It is perfectly correct for the bride to tell her attendants what color scheme and general arrangements she desires to have used at her own wedding; but it is not customary for her to purchase their gowns. On the day of the wedding, or just before, she gives each attendant a little remembrance—some trinket or bit of jewelry.

#### Practical Advice.

A distinguished R. A. was painting in a field one day when a yoke came up behind him and carefully studied the artist's work. “I say, mister,” he said, at length, “why don't you photograph it? It's a lot quicker an' more like it when it's done, too.”

To Be Continued.